ADVICE

To a Wavering FRIEND.

THough 'twere a Sin to doubt a Righteous Cauſe,
Supported by what all but Rebels awes,
A Peaceful Prince, and Uncorrupted Laws;

Yet ſince ſome Sons of Darkneſs dare invade
It, with what Subtil Arts hath ſpecious made,
Pretended Zeal dreſt up in Maſquerade;

'Tis but an Act of Goodneſs to adviſe
All that their own, or Countries Safety prize,
To ſhun the Fiend, though in the Saints diſguiſe.

You are too young more than by Rumour to
Know, what their Bloody Anceſtors did do,
When they their Sovereign to a Scaffold drew:

But thoſe that ſaw thoſe Diſmal Times can tell,
Their Actions then and now run Parallell;
If different, theſe in Villany excell.

Thoſe Sandy Props of State, the Common Rout,
Were then, as they are now, hurried about
With Fears and Fancies till the Flame burſt out.

They then, as now, unjuſtly did complain
Of Popiſh Prelates, Arbitrary Reign,
And all that might the Royal Ermins ſtain.

But here our Modern great Projectors have
Got ſome Advantage; here's a Plot to ſave
The Presbyter from being th' only Knave.

A Real Plot, by Subtil Jeſuits drew,
Whoſe Ruine Faction but pretended to,
Whilſt they erected One more ſtrange and new.

Here the White Devil puts on Innocence,
Makes Zeal and Loyalty the falſe Pretence,
As his Friends Ruine were the Kings Defence.

The Popiſh Lords with Caution lain aſide,
As if their twiſted Intereſt would divide,
Should they before more Loyal Men be try'd.

Thoſe Sons o'th' Earth they brought (the Devil knows (whence)
To be the Kings Undoubted Evidence,
Will ſwear to what they ſay in either ſence.

For though the Blinded People will not ſee
What 'tis they drive at, there's no Good Man free
From Danger, where the Crime is Loyalty.

There is no Means their Sovereign to annoy,
Nor Biſhops Lands again to re-enjoy,
Leſt His Great Council do His Good deſtroy;

Impeach His Loyal Lords, Biſhops ſuſpend,
And ruine him that to the Crown's a Friend,
And then Rebellion hath its wiſht-for End.

Then they'll diſcover what is now th' Intent,
That a Damn'd Faction only ſtrives to rent
Religions Veil, and Civil Government:

A Private Stab which brings Authority
From *Rome*'s dark Conclave of no uſe will be,
When the King's made His Kingdoms Enemy.

When the Deluded Rout *Their Own* they have,
Let Him but Grant what they are bold to Crave,
They'll Lop that Head, they now pretend to Save.

The Zealous Veil they'll then caſt off, and in
Their Native Colours to the World be ſeen,
As Black without, as they are now within.

What now you're flatter'd to, you then will hate;
Perhaps turn Convert, but 'twill be too late:
You may repent, but not retrieve your Fate.

Return in time then, and forſake that Way,
Which theſe Falſe Guides direct thee to, whilſt they
Their King, their Country, and the Church betray.

When Black Rebellion burſts into a Flame,
And Treaſon's known by 'ts own Prodigious Name,
Though pale with Sorrow, then you'll bluſh for Shame.

Bluſh that thy eaſie Faith did e'er conſent
To favour Thoſe that Ruine Government:
Be wiſe in time then, and the Ill prevent.

FINIS.